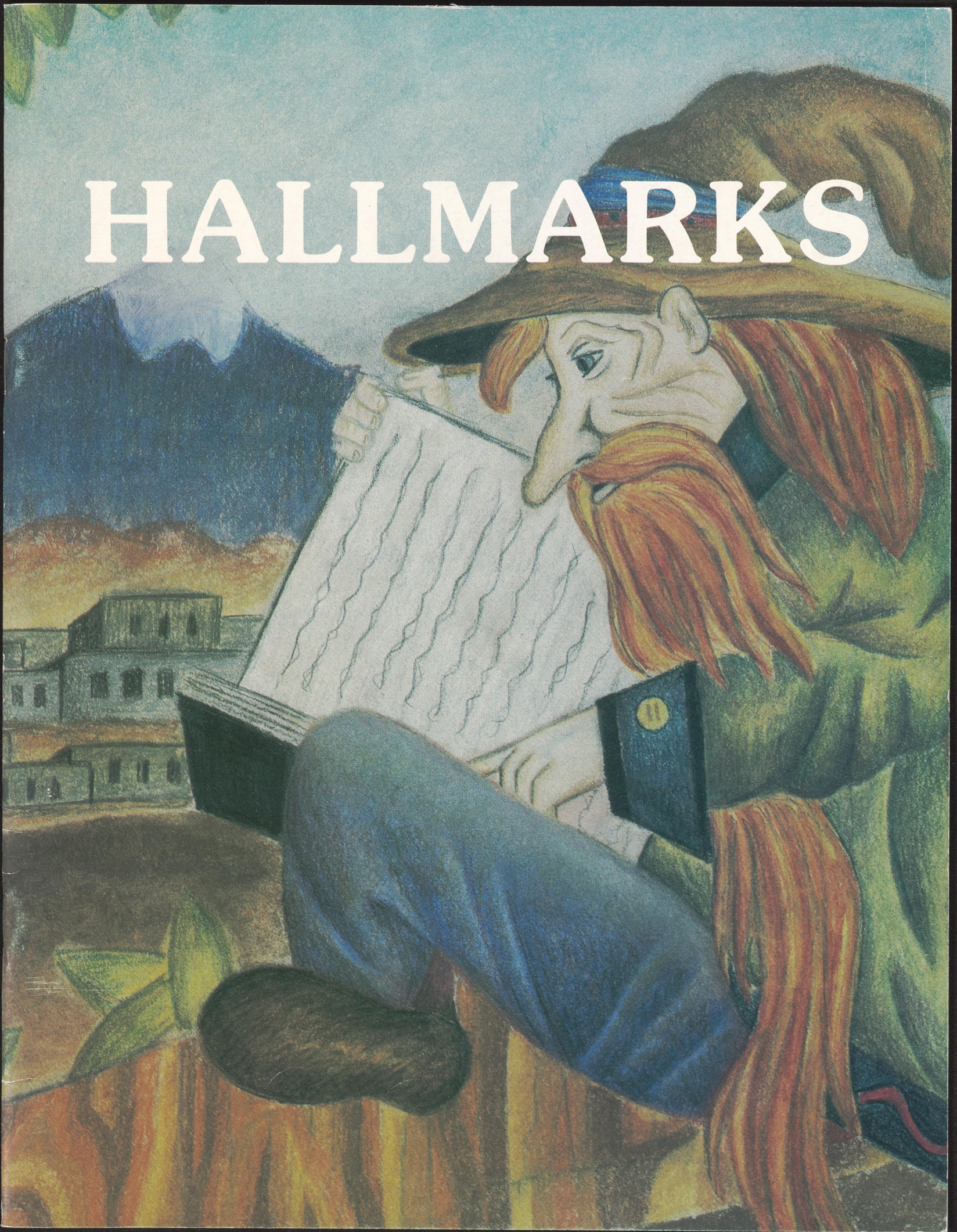


HALLMARKS





HALLMARKS 1991

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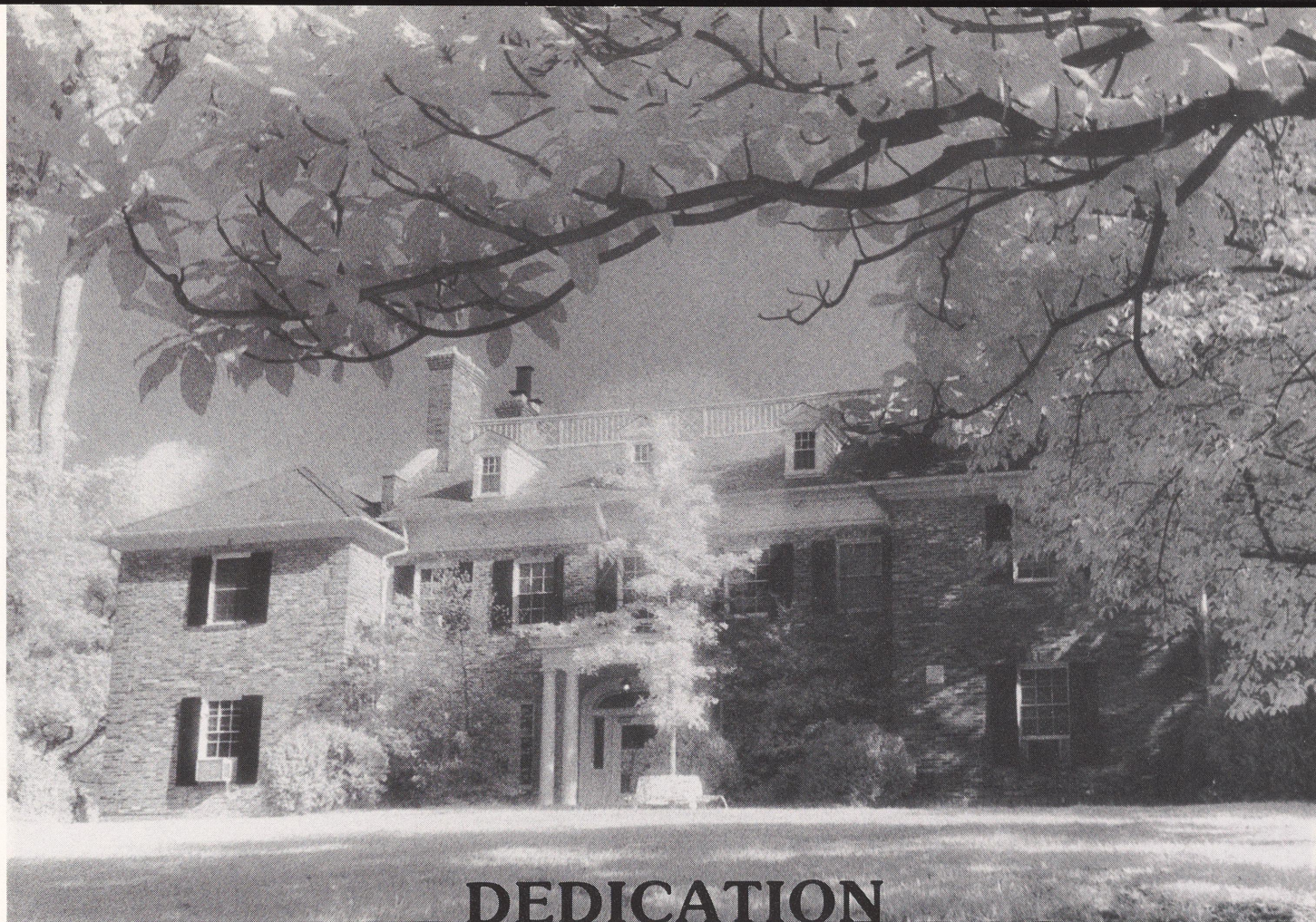
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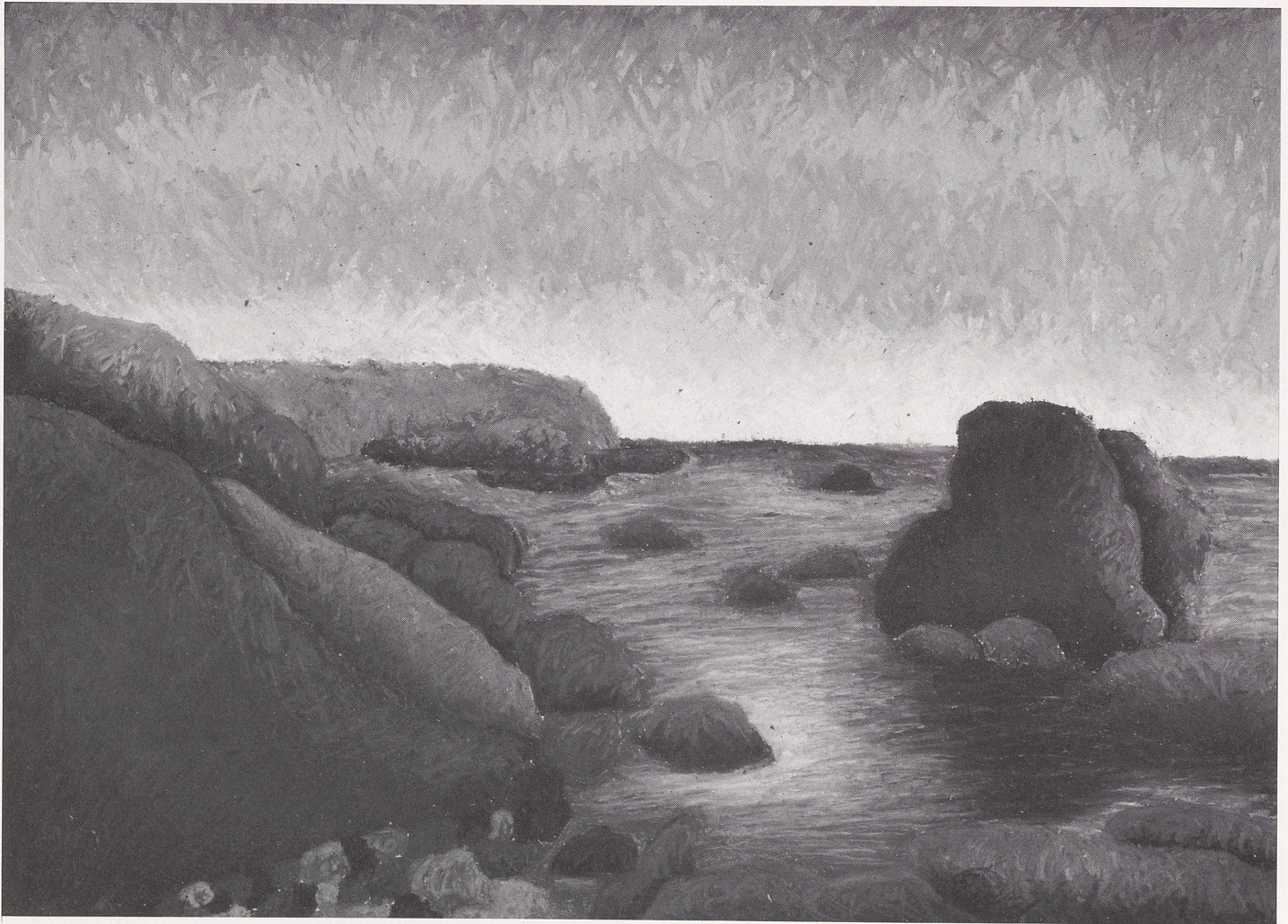


DEDICATION

**In honor of a very special man we
dedicate the 1991 *Hallmarks* to
David E. Wood.**

PEACE
Megan Daniell

Peace is internal
it is fertilized in the soul
and develops only through love.
It feeds upon life,
yet so many times is
deprived of this precious food.



Becky Burke

UNTITLED
Kelly Inman
In a jagged world
lavender dreams
shatter
into blossoming fools
made of gold and silver.



Mary Davie

FRIENDS

Kristen Triplett

A friend is someone that will like you for you,
they'll believe in your dreams and
will work for them with you
They'll tell you anything,
whatever they feel or do, for they
know you will tell no one.
For a trusting friend will always be true!

BEETLE

Katherine Kuhn

A beetle
I crunched it -
DEAD.

THE WORD LIKE

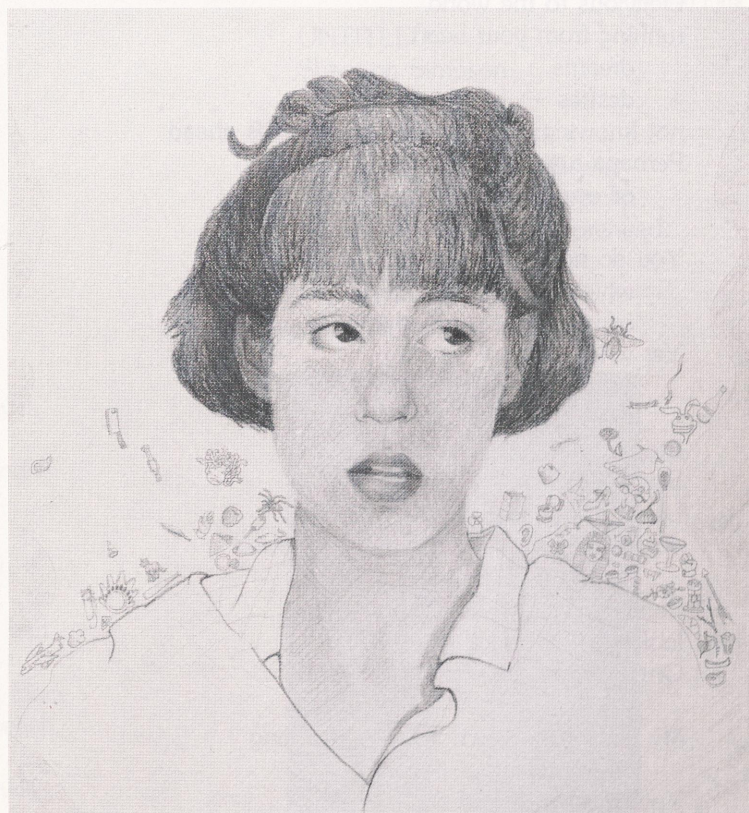
Jennifer Farringer

I used to love the short, but sweet, word "like";
It had so many ways in which to be used.
It could be adjective or verb, but in my sight,
I am afraid, it seems it's over-used.

This term is used in similes not metaphors
To compare objects to each other,
For example peach pits to apple cores,
Or bread crumbs to the brain of your brother.

Now, however, the word has been invaded.
Taken over first by a group of valley girls
Who say, "like then I just then stated,
like what I like thought about like her pearls."

And now to avoid this syndrome of ramblin,
I no longer use like but use resemblin.



Julia Harrison



UNTITLED
Anonymous

Yet another hour.
Gone.
Wasted.
Yet another hour begins.

Mary Price Russell

ONLY A STEP AWAY
Jody Bainbridge

You are running
haven't stopped to look back
faster
faster
Oblivious to the world
running from your heart
dreams
desires
not knowing who you are or what lies ahead
Perhaps a road of solitude
or even a road of happiness.

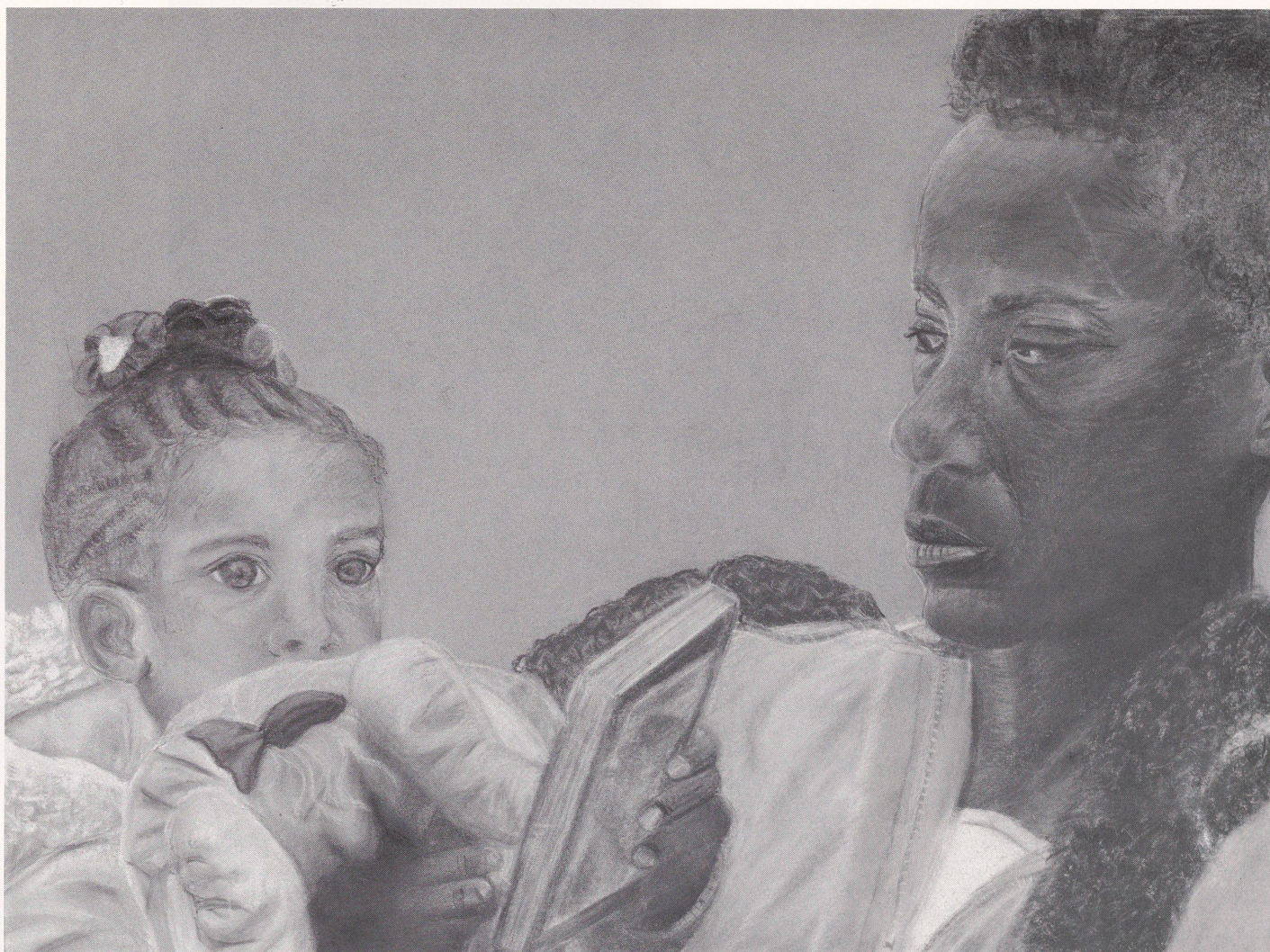
You do not know
which path to take
or where it may lead you
Yet when you are running
you are unable to notice
the important things in life.

Stop
Slow down
Learn from each step
don't leave it to blow away in the wind
just as you left me.
I am standing, waiting
looking your direction
Only able to see your footprints.

My voice has grown tired from calling
calling out your name.
You haven't slowed down
or stopped to look back
Terrified to glance in my eye.

Let me help you find your way
to give you direction.
Both my heart and soul have grown tired
tattered
torn.
You must look back
slow down
turn around.
Deal with your past
your feelings
before you move on.
I am going to turn and walk away now
it is time
kicking my feet in the sand
slowly walking
giving you time to catch up with me
Yet...

As time goes on
with each step
I must step faster
faster.
Don't lose sight of me
Because if when you turn around
I might have started running too.
Then you will be left standing
waiting
and hurting.
You would then realize
I was at one time
only a step away from you.



Leigh Fitts

THE HIDING PLACE

Tricia Shalibo

The family gathers up their belongings and runs out to the shore.

After walking for miles, they find their Hiding Place.

It is nestled behind a few snow white dunes.

As they set everything down, a few clicks of a camera by the father can be heard capturing the moments of this family time.

Everyone helps to take out the food and place it on the royal blue and white checkered blanket.

They begin munching, laughing, and clicking away. The wind is blowing against their backs as it is now with me.

I stand here on the shore looking at the Hiding Place which is not so hidden anymore.

The dunes have been worn down, exposing the lush green bed beyond them.

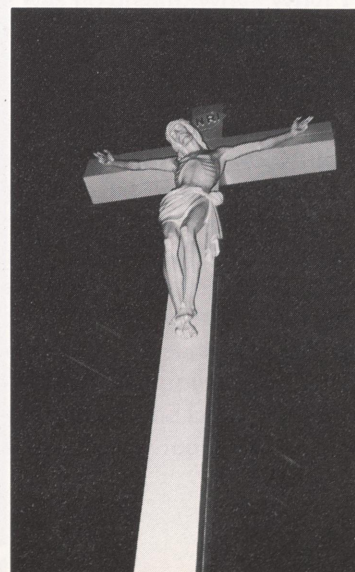
I always love to think back to those days when the Hiding Place had safely sheltered us from the other people on the beach, but now it has been weathered down by time.

We will move on to find another place where the laughter will arise again and the clicks of the camera by my mother.

UNTITLED

Shannon Simpson

Singing the southern cross realizing why you came this way.
Tasting the salt on your upper lip as the sun penetrates your forehead.
Salt water flecks glisten eminent beneath the sun.
You have begun your voyage.



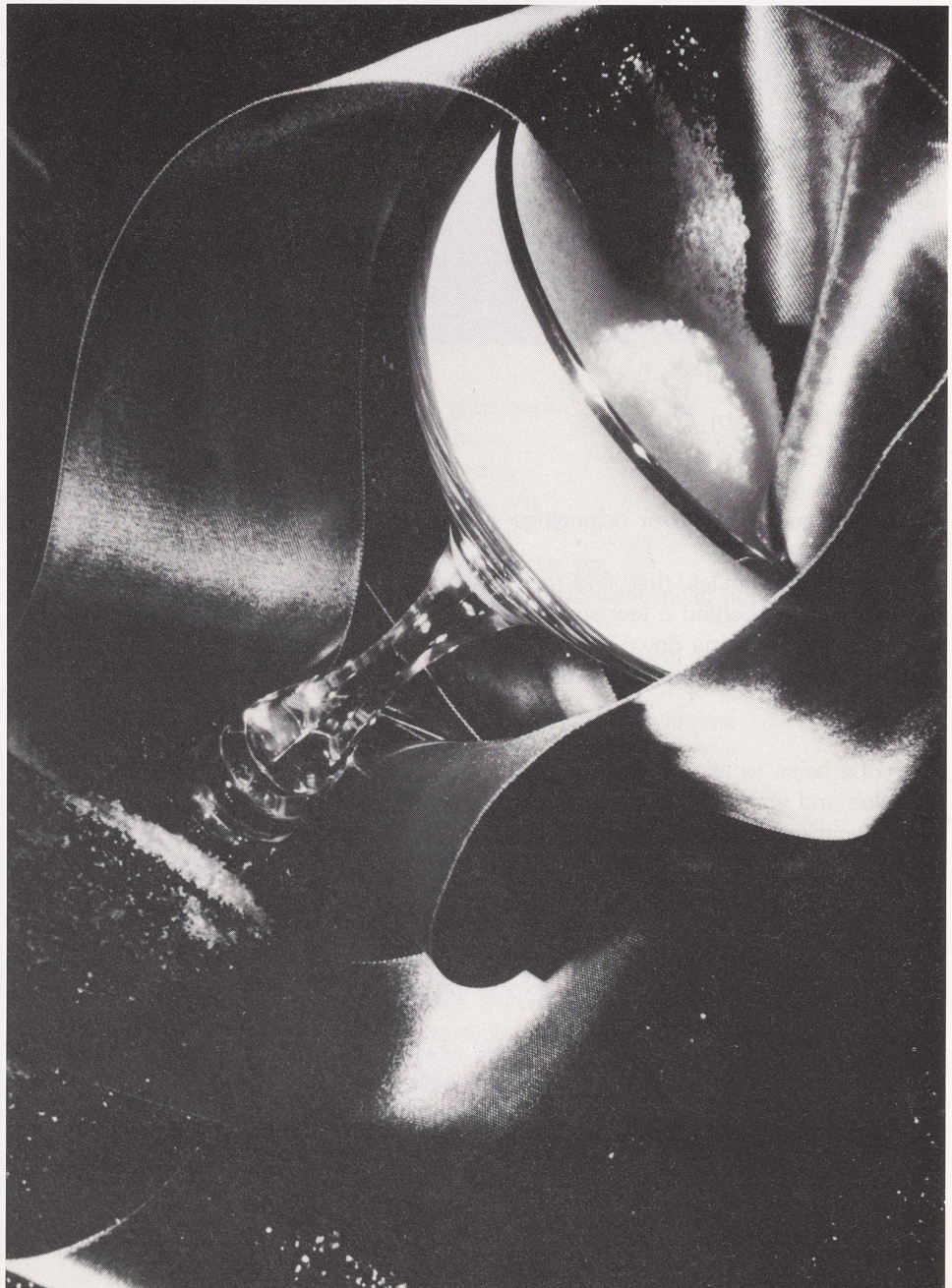
Mary Davie

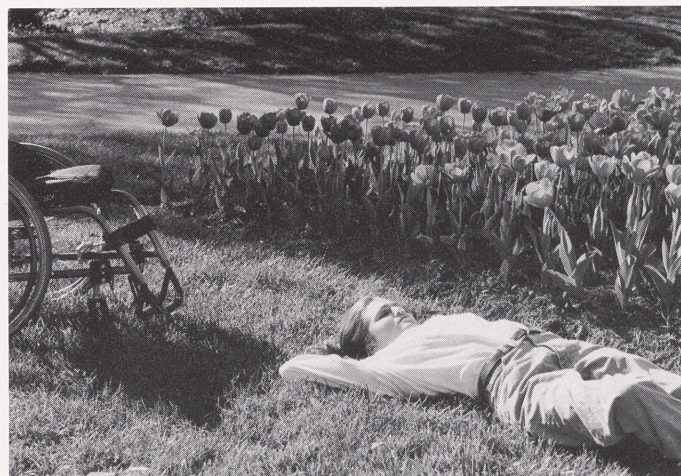
HE TOLD ME
Katherine Kuhn

He told me he loved me,
As he cradled my naked body
Against his.
He told me he loved me
When I told him the news,
With tears in my eyes.
He told me we would get married,
Be a family,
Be happy.
Just the three of us—together.
He told me he loved me,
The day she arrived.
But then he loved
The liquor,
The drugs,
The other girls,
That could still be girls.
He told me he hated me
As she grew
And so did the anger.
She would cry along with me,
Cradled against my body.
He scared us.
He told me goodbye
And walked away forever.
We were alone -
With the memories.
She was one.
A living memory of him.
A constant reminder that,
He told me he loved me.
She walked and talked.
I cried at the sight of her face,
His face.
She was his daughter.
She looked up at me,
Through his deep blue eyes.
She knew what to say.
She told me that she loved me.



Kelly Ann Inman





EMILY
Melissa Smith

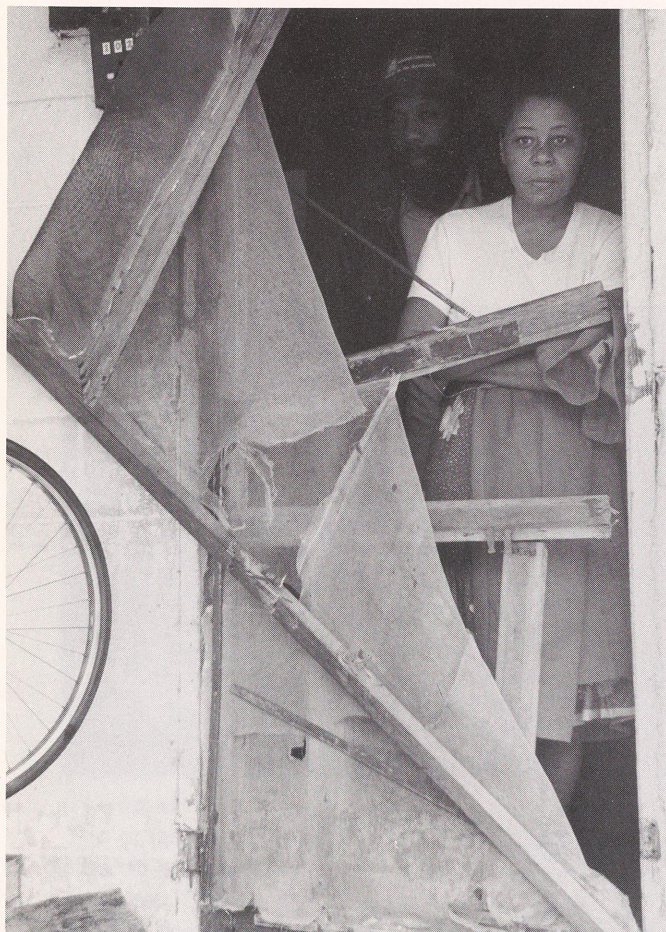
One year ago today, my best friend could walk. Tonight she sits imprisoned in her wheelchair, her face against the fence, watching me run in the state track meet. "Last call for the 3200m relay" echoes in my head. This is my race, our race. Tonight I want to perform like never before, I am running for Emily.

As the first leg of the relay shoots out of the blocks, I remember sitting on the high jump pit last year watching Emily go around and around with what seemed like tireless energy. She moved with such grace, such pride. The muscles in her long sturdy legs rippled as she ran, and her face hid all signs of pain. She was the epitome of stamina. After practice each day she would smile, give encouragement, and promise me that with time, desire, and hard work, I could be the best of the best, a state champion. God, I envied her.

The baton was exchanged and the second leg of our relay exploded away. The pain in my teammate's eyes as she finished her first lap triggered my memory of the pain in Emily's face when the doctor told her she would never run again. The night of the car wreck seems so unclear, so hazy now, only one year later. Motorcycles-rain-pavement-chaos-sirens-silence. The glint of light from Emily's chair caught my eye. It was the undeniable proof that this nightmare was no dream. Why? Why? I was always so sure nothing like this would ever happen to someone I knew, especially not Emily, the state record holder, in the 800m run and my best friend. No one I knew was paralyzed. Emily, one of the handicapped? God, life is so unpredictable, so fragile.

The third runner vanishes, leaving me alone in the exchange zone, and my insides race wildly. The fear of failure and the possibility of success wrestle within me as if it were the last hour of the last day. I remember feeling the same way sitting beside Emily's hospital bed thinking that any breath might be her last. First, I begged for her life, then for her mind, then for her legs. Why can nothing stay the same? Why, when you have just conquered one challenge, does life hand you another?

The vision of two runners neck and neck startles me from my trance, and the desperate cries surging down the straightaway remind me of where I am and of my mission. A clean handoff is made and I unleash myself to the night. Every spectator seems to scream my name and every part of my body works in unison. The long winter practices, the intense weekend windsprints, and the agony of training all begin to reap their reward. I feel the hot breath of my opponent at my neck. I look down the runway and see the anxious eyes of my coach, the hopeful looks from my teammates, and the confident assurance on Emily's face. The look in her warm gray eyes tells me that the race is mine. I cross the line first and collapse to the ground. Never before had my legs felt such intense pain. I look to Emily and to her wheelchair. She smiles and mouths that she knew I could do it. A tear falls down her cheek and disappears into the weave of her sweater. I close my eyes and thank God for the gift of Emily and the pain in my legs.



BUILDING THE BRICK WALL

Tricia Shalibo

Like a humiliating slap on the face, her words cut through me like a knife.

I felt my body slowly dropping, nearer the floor as she continued shooting out harsh, biting words.

My soul scrambled to build the brick wall inside of me before it was too late.

As each stone was quickly placed on top of another, I regained my stance and left her firing blunt shots into the air.



UNTITLED

Susan Joyner

Alison Brooks

Glimmering red on her nails, diamonds in all the *necessary* places - she was ready. She was ready to make her debut - out she goes - why aren't they looking - why no clapping? Where is the glory? Everyone else always seemed to get it - what was wrong with her? Society had turned her down as though she was an offering of some sort. It was all too much - she didn't want to live; to breathe - she couldn't even look at all the decorations she had hung herself that afternoon. Maybe this was just what everyone had been trying to tell her all along.



I AM
Kelly Inman

I am
grass
growing
in
the
cracks
of
city
sidewalks.

Kathy Falk



Becky Burke



Jodi Wilt

UNTITLED

Sarah Anderson

When my limits overcome
 And the ropes which bound me to the earth are tightened,
 And when walls trap and destinations are blurred,
 When earthliness grows tiresome,
 And humans are too simple
 Or far too complex for their own tiny minds,
 And when spirit drains from my soul
 And darkness creeps from the shadows into the light . . .

Then have I learned to forget myself, and remember Nature.
 Be filled with its beauty, its serenity, its bliss.
 There is no purer joy than in the warm sun, and the hovering trees.
 Or in the endless meadow, drenched in color,
 And the white, glowing moon, whose distant beauty is so close.
 Truest love and deepest truth are revealed only there,
 Only in the wisdom and eternity of Nature -
 My strength, my life, my god.



Frances Bailey



Frances Bailey

CONTENT
Maury Ward

I never invite anyone in.
I need to be in solitude,
but I am not alone.
I have myself and my
thoughts which keep me company
and I am content.

SHOE
Katherine Kuhn

It seems there's a shoe in my eye,
I thought it was a sty -
But by and by -
I came to see
What it truly be -
So, I turned and BIT IT!

UNTITLED
Tara Scarlett

Free exchange for the
sense of reality.

ANGER
Megan Daniell

Anger is a judgmental emotion due to excessive uncontrollable emotions.
Anger is built up over a period of time, it does not just merely appear.
Anger spends time brewing in the inner soul, it feeds upon the thoughts and the ideas of the bleeding human heart.
Anger is a hostile emotion, that makes even the gentlest person act out in the most unbelievable ways.
Anger reduces the aspect of human civilization to a mere state of savage qualities underdeveloped in the human mind.
Anger exists in every human heart, but a truly developed mind and the serenity of true inner peace is the only way to Repress ones' Anger.



Alison Brooks



Elizabeth Kraft



I, THE GRIFFIN
Kelly Inman

I am your protector
fear me not Athena.
My stern brow will set terror
in the hearts of the insolent
and the criminal.
My powerful, thick wings
are prepared for flight.
My eyes
seem to look forward
but I see all
Ready.
Waiting.
My tail in motion
I am thy defender.
Shadowed by the bright sky
my undecipherable image
will evoke confusion and anxiety
in harmful enemies.
Fear not Athena
I with my animal passion
will never cease
to protect you
for all eternity.



Mary Price Russell

UNTITLED
Beth Geddie

This is life and life is this
and only this
unless you think otherwise.

Life is a door, a window, and an airplane.
It can be seen through from both sides or
be closed or opened.
It can be high and it can be low.
But there's always a way through the clouds and
a way out the other door.

UNTITLED
Shannon Simpson

The only sound—my clicking footsteps
down the marble hallway.
Walking blindly through dim light
walking, walking . . .
The only light reflects off of the golden handles
of the door's knob.

Thinking aloud, wondering which one?
To my right,
the one doorknob that did not glow
with the halo of golden light.
The only one
the key would both fit and open.





Kelly Ann Inman

SLEEP

Kim Wang & Brooke Brown

The lullaby of the leaf doleful and long laces
itself with the song of the nightingale as it
lights on the stillness of the lake.
Trembling it tries to stay afloat, but it can't,
and once again all is quiet. All is still
in the silence of the moon.



Becky Burke

LIFE

Katherine Kuhn

The clouds with their feathery shapes
Tickle the blue horizon
And dance with the young child,
Beautiful and free
Wrapped in her nakedness
She runs, skips, jumps
Through the deep emerald grass
Singing tender melodies to nature
She gathers delicate flowers
Winding them throughout her long
Brown hair
Creating a crown around her innocent
face.
She is the queen of all she surveys
And above her the clouds continue to play.



IT'S GOING

Katherine Kuhn

It's going, going -
Too fast.
It's frightening.
When I close my eyes
I can still see that little girl,
Running naked through the sprinkler,
Soaring on the swing
Pushed by Daddy's admiring arms.
I have to open my eyes again,
Shivering at the thought.
What happened to Daddy?
And his perfect, blue-eyed princess?
Somewhere, they got lost.
And "Daddy" became "Father"
That domineering authority figure.
Now it is as if life is a straight line ahead.
There are no more curving lines,
To enable me to run freely naked.
It's simply living to rules,
And filling someone else's expectations,
Satisfying their dreams.
The child in me is disappearing,
Slipping from my fingertips,
Faster than I can hold on to her.
No one seems to understand,
Or even care.
Especially Daddy,
Father now.
I want to run naked
And swing to the sun,
Why won't they let me?

EXCERPT FROM ESSAY

Sarah Scarborough

Ever since I was a young girl, my grandfather has seemed to have a special love for me. Being a loving man, he obviously cares for his whole family. However, he always takes up for me if I have been bad and worries for me when I cry. My "pappa" would go into the forest and carve, from tree bark, wooden whistles for me and clean the blueberries and raspberries, which I had picked, free of twigs and leaves. These may seem like small deeds, but they are thoughtful and give me a sense of love and admiration for him. He is the only one who has ever made me alone feel special, calling me his "peiny Sarah" or "little Sarah". My grandfather has influenced my life by making me feel loved and special.



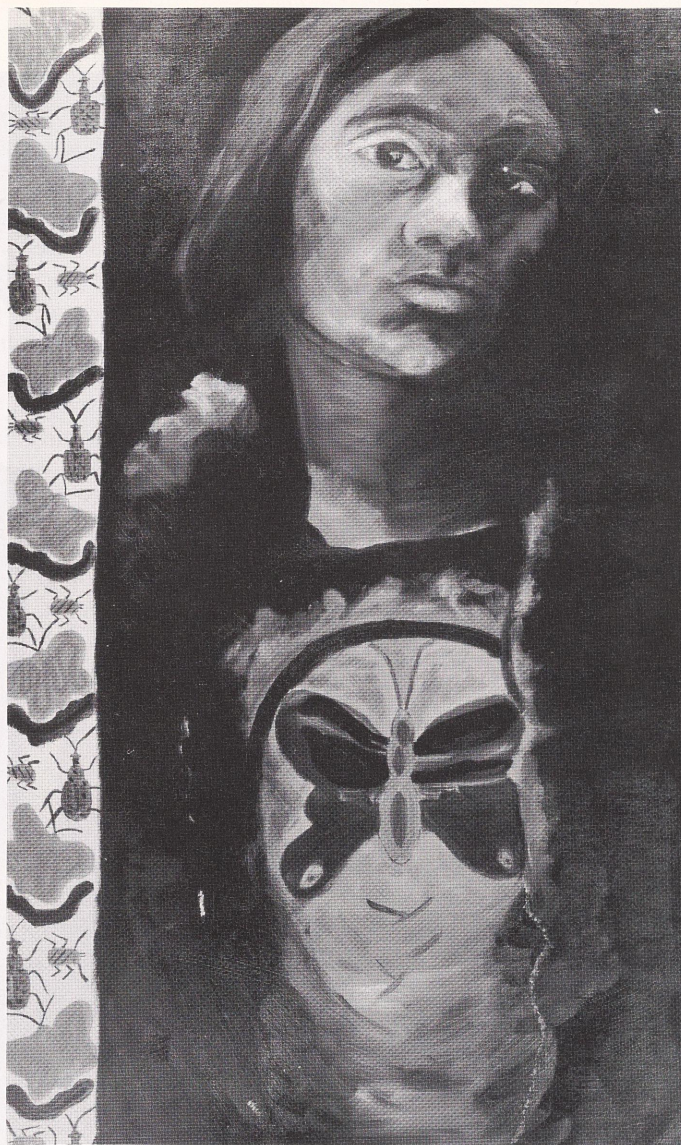
Kelly Ann Inman

WALKING

Oceana Gayden

You could hear the foghorns in the distance and see the blinking signal lights. It was a lonely night at the beach. The waves were high and the tide was coming in. The empty-hearted man sat upon the beach listening to the roaring of the waves and gazing at the glowing moon. No shoes were on his feet for there was no jingling of change in his pockets. He wore pants that were torn and a flannel shirt over a grungy old tee shirt. His hair was matted as if a bird had planted a nest in it. The man was middle aged and had a limp because he was hurt in the long dreary days of his past. Dirt was absorbing into his skin like water into the sandy beach, for he had not taken a bath in months. The man sat and thought, thought about whether he should go on. He was hungry and in need of love. Finally he got up and walked to the ocean, into the ocean. He kept walking ... walking ... walking, until he wasn't there any more. He slowly vanished over the horizon. The lonely-hearted man no longer suffers.

The foghorns still sound and the blinking lights are still signaling.



Meg Vaughn

LITTLE BOY
Oceana Gayden

Don't you love this?
Isn't it fun?
Shooting people down with your little toy gun.
I think I'll shoot my parents,
Maybe even some friends,
No one knows when this will even end.
Looking around the corner, being deceitful and sly, hey look!
I see you and I'll shoot you with my eye!
Isn't this neat, my world so complete,
just me and my toy gun,
wouldn't you like to have fun?

Little Boy what's your name?
Would you like to play my game?
Little boy have no doubt, I will show you what it's all about.
I think you're old enough where you can throw away your toys,
wouldn't you like to come out and play with the big boys?
We don't play around with things that are fake, but don't worry,
you're doing it for your own sake.
Little boy don't be scared.
You can fear no more, you're all grown up and this means war.



Mary Davie

BUYING A PURPLE HEART

Kelly Inman

The tree-lined graveyard bears remembrance
to youths untimely sent
from their womb
into the stained hands of Death.
The skinless face of Death comes
too soon for the generation of men-boys
seeking glory and gratification,
seeking to defend the honor of women
left behind for lonely invaders
far from home
and fleshy pleasures.

These soldiers tremble
at the sound of a thunderclap.
Hot, sweaty, muddy,
running, turning, crying,
the strangers tear
through dark farmlands and forests.

All soldiers meet Death unaware
to be laid in rows cold and exact.
Where are the youths' intangible dreams
now marked by stone -
solid, gray, precise?

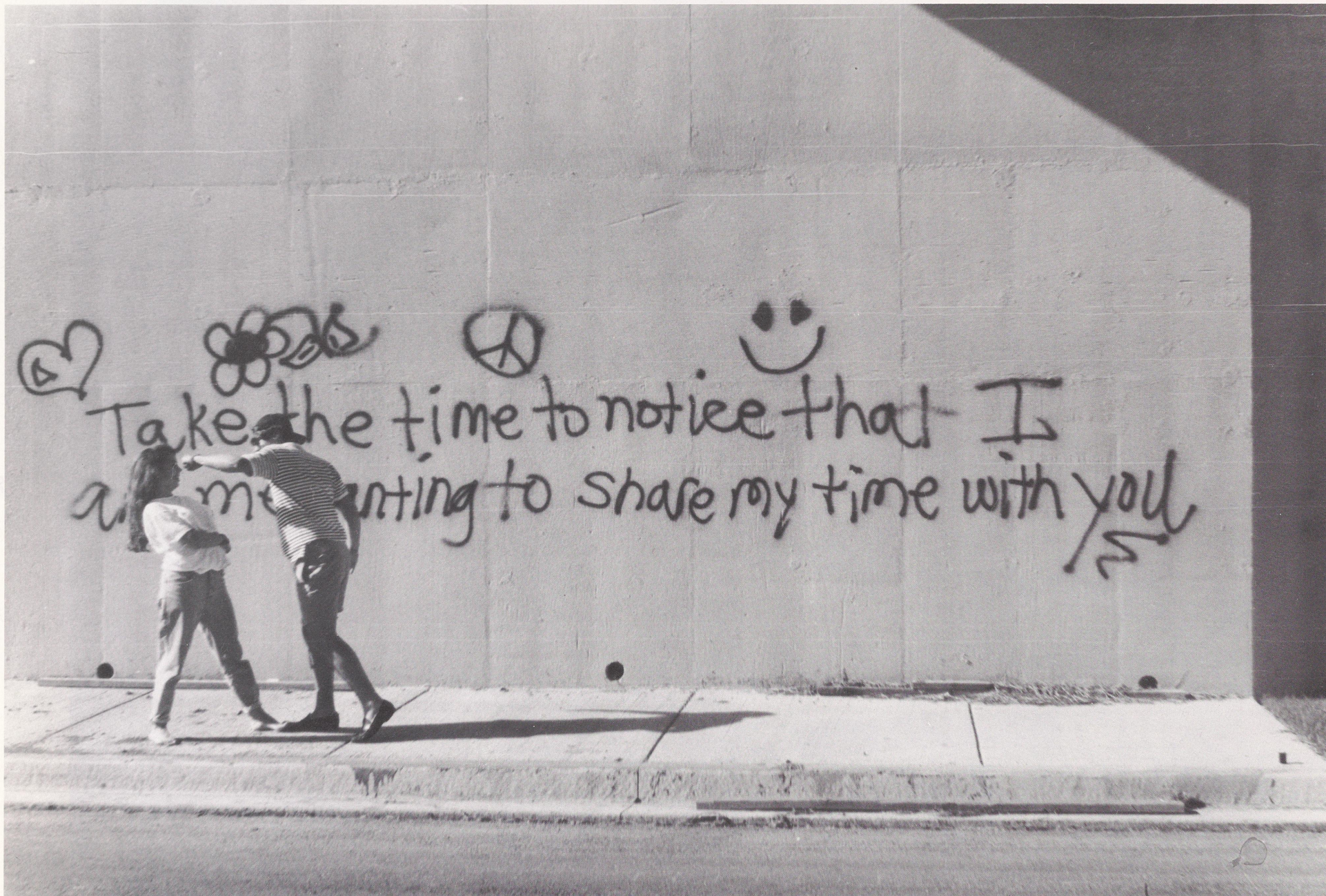
ETERNITY
Tara Scarlett

I have been the first baby seeing momma and daddy;
I have been the little girl exploring her world around her;
I have been the adolescent learning my turf and experiencing new things;
Now I am becoming an adult and I'm going out on my own forever.
Though I have given a lot of hell, I have learned to handle myself;
Though I know I am my own person with my own philosophies and ideas, I have known for 18 years who helped me attain adulthood.
I have my parents who have been with me the entire way;

Though at times we disagree, I hope they know that I will love them till eternity.



Mary C. Davie



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